

The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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By 5 o'clock he gained the summit of a low ridge. From its top he was able to secure an extended view of the fire. A red line—as red as the reddest sunset—stretched away to the north as far as the eye could see. He was profoundly impressed by the spectacle. The conflagration was on a scale so gigantic that it fairly staggered him. He knew millions of feet of timber must be blazing.

He decided to remain on the ridge and study the course of the fire, so he lay down to rest. Sleep came over him, but at midnight he awoke. A dull, roaring sound was surging through the forest, and the air was stifling. The fire had burned closer while he slept. It had reached the ridge opposite, which was nearly parallel to the one he was on, and was burning along its northern base. The ridge flattened perceptibly to the west, and already at this point a single lone line of fire had surrounded the blunt crest and was creeping down into the valley which intervened. Presently tongues of fire shot upward. The dark, nearer side of the ridge showed clearly in the fierce light, and soon the fire rolled over its entire length, a long, ruddy cataract of flame. As it gained the summit it seemed to fall forward and catch fresh timber, then it raced down the slope toward the valley, forming a great red avalanche that roared and hissed and crackled and sent up vast clouds of smoke into the night.

Clearly any attempt to go farther north would be but a waste of time and strength. The fire shut him off completely in that quarter. He must retrace his steps until he was well to the south again. Then he could go either to the east or west and perhaps work around into the burned district. The risk he ran of capture did not worry him. Indeed, he scarcely considered it. He felt certain the pursuit, if pursued there were, had been abandoned days before. He had a shrewd idea that the fire would give people something else to think of. His only fear was that his provisions would be exhausted. When they went he knew the chances were that he would starve, but he put this fear resolutely aside whenever it obtruded itself. With care his supplies could be made to last many days.

He did not sleep any more that night, but watched the fire eat its way across the valley. When it reached the slope at his feet he shouldered his pack and started south. It was noon when he made his first halt. He rested for two hours and then resumed his march. He was now well beyond the immediate range of the conflagration. There was only an occasional faint odor of smoke in the woods. He had crossed several small streams, and he knew they would be an obstacle in the path of the fire unless the wind, which was from the north, should freshen.

Night fell. He lighted a campfire and scraped together his bed of pine needles and lay down to sleep with the comforting thought that he had put a sufficient distance between himself and the burning forest. He would turn to the west when morning came. He trusted to a long day's journey to carry him out of the menaced territory. It would be easier traveling, too, for the ridges which cut the face of the country ran east and west. The sun was in the boughs of the hemlocks when he awoke. There had been a light rain during the night, and the forest world had taken on new beauty. But it grew hot and oppressive as the hours passed. The smoke thickened once more. At first he tried to believe it was only his fancy. Then the wind shifted into the east and the woods became noticeably clearer. He pushed ahead with renewed hope. This change in the wind was a good sign. If it ever got into the south it would drive the fire back on itself.

He tramped for half the night and threw himself down and slept heavily—the sleep of utter exhaustion and weariness. It was broad day when he opened his eyes. The first sound he heard was the dull roar of the flames. He turned with a hunted, fugitive look toward the west. A bright light shone through the trees. The fire was creeping around and already encircled him on two sides. His feeling was one of bitter disappointment; fear, too, mingled with it. In the south were Ryder's friends—Dannie's enemies and his. Of the east he had a horror which the study of his map did not tend to allay; there were towns there and settlements, thickly scattered. Finally he concluded he would go forward and examine the line of fire. There might be some means by which he could make his way through it.

A journey of two miles brought him to a small water course. The fire was burning along the opposite bank. It blazed among the scrub and underbrush and leaped from tree to tree, first to shrivel their foliage to a dead, dry brown and then envelop them in sheets of flame. The crackling was like the report of musketry.

Roger Oakley was awed by the sight. In spite of the smoke and heat he sat down on the trunk of a fallen pine to rest. Some birds fluttered out of the rolling masses of smoke above his head and flew south with shrill cries of alarm. A deer crossed the stream, not 200 yards from where he sat, at a single bound. Next two large timber wolves came. They landed

drove him from his position, and he, too, sought refuge in the south. The wall of flame cut him off from the north and west, and to the east he would not go.

There was something tragic in this blocking of his way. He wondered if it was not the Lord's wish after all that he should be taken. This thought had been troubling him for some time. Then he remembered Dannie—Dannie, to whom he had brought only shame and sorrow. He set his lips with grim determination. Right or wrong, the Lord's vengeance would have to wait. Perhaps he would understand the situation. He prayed that he might.

Twenty-four hours later and he had turned westward with the desperate hope that he could cross out of the path of the fire, but the hope proved futile. There was no help for it. To the east he must go if he would escape.

It was the towns and settlements he feared most, and the people. Perhaps they still continued the search. When he left the wilderness the one precaution he could take would be to travel only by night. This plan when it was firmly fixed in his mind greatly encouraged him. But at the end of ten hours of steady tramping he discovered that the fire surrounded him on three sides. Still he did not despair.

For two days he dodged from east to west, and each day the wall of flame, and smoke drew closer about him, and the distances in which he moved became less and less. And now a great fear of Antioch possessed him. The railroad ran nearly due east and west from Buckhorn Junction to Harrison, a distance of ninety-five miles. Beyond the road the country was well settled. There were thriving farms and villages. To pass through such a country without being seen was next to impossible. He felt a measure of his strength fail him, and with it went his courage. It was only the thought of Dannie that kept him on the alert. Happen what might, he would not be taken. It should go hard with the man or men who made the attempt. He told himself this not boastfully, but with quiet conviction. In so far as he could, as the fire crowded him back, he avoided the vicinity of Antioch and inclined toward Buckhorn Junction.

There was need of constant vigilance now, as he was in a sparsely settled section. One night some men passed quite near to the fringe of tamarack swamp where he was camped. Luckily the undergrowth was dense, and his fire had burned to a few red embers. On another occasion, just at dusk, he stumbled into a small clearing and within plain view of the windows of a log cabin. As he leaped back into the woods a man with a red pipe in his mouth came to the door of the cabin.

Roger Oakley, with the hickory staff which he had cut that day held firmly in his hands and a fierce, wild look on his face, watched him from his cover. Presently the man turned back into the house, closing the door after him.

These experiences startled and alarmed him. He grew gaunt and haggard, a terrible weariness oppressed him, his mind became confused, and a sort of panic seized him. His provisions had failed him, but an occasional cultivated field furnished corn and potatoes in spite of the serious misgivings he felt concerning the moral aspect of these nightly depredations. When he raided a spring house and carried off eggs and butter and milk he was able to leave money behind. He conducted these transactions with scrupulous honesty.

He had been living in the wilderness three weeks, when at last the fire drove him from cover at Buckhorn Junction. As a town the Junction was largely a fiction. There were a railroad crossing, a freight shed and the depot and perhaps a score of houses scattered along a sandy stretch of country road.

The B. and A. had its connection with the M. and W. at this point. It was also the beginning of a rich agricultural district, and the woods gave place to cultivated fields and farm lands. It was late afternoon as Roger Oakley approached Buckhorn. When it was dark he would cross the railroad and take his chance there. He judged from the light in the sky that the fire had already burned in between Buckhorn and Antioch. This gave him a certain sense of security. Indeed, the fire surrounded Buckhorn in every quarter except the south. Where there was no timber or brush it crept along the rail fences or ran with tiny spurts of flame through the dry weeds and dead stubble which covered much of the cleared land.

He could see a number of people moving about a quarter of a mile west of the depot. They were tearing down a burning fence that was in perilous proximity to some straw stacks and a barn.

He heard and saw the 6:50 on the M. and W. pull in. This was the Chicago express, and the Huckleberry's local, which was due at Antioch at midnight, connected with it. This connection involved a wait of three hours at Buckhorn. Only one passenger left the train. He disappeared into the depot.

(To Be Continued.)

The Swiss are the hotel keepers of Europe. Various Swiss syndicates are running civilized hotels in all the places where the multitude go.

TOOK POSSESSION OF NOISE'S HOUSE

But That Did Not Make it a Noiseless House.

Five Colored Prisoners Had Jubilee in Residence but Pay Dear for Their Fun.

CASES IN THE POLICE COURT.

It cost several negroes over \$50 to take possession of a private residence and use it for a whole day without the owner's knowledge and consent. The case is one without a parallel in police court.

Necley Shad, Nina Harnback, alias Robertson, Joe McKnight, Kate Nelson and Sarah Ayres, colored, were charged with entering Berry Noise's house and spending the day in it. The evidence showed that the Hornback woman had just returned from St. Louis, and meeting Shad, her sweetheart, they decided to have a time. They secured a key to Noise's house from a family occupying a portion of it, secured whisky and beer and two guitars and started in for fun. When they finished the house looked like a cyclone had swept through it.

Shad was fined \$25 and costs. The Hornback and Nelson women \$10 and costs each. McKnight's case was continued and the Ayres woman was dismissed.

Other cases: Charles Bryant, colored, malicious cutting waived examination; Bettie Gainer, Florence Grear colored, disorderly conduct, left open; Herbert Jackson, colored, breach of peace, \$1 and costs; Ernest Walker, Les Perkins, colored, breach of peace, \$5 and costs each; Tom Bloodsaw, colored, breach of peace, dismissed; D. Grace, colored, mayhem, waived examination and held; Gus Armstrong colored, malicious cutting, waived examination, held.

STILTZ, THE BARBER, TALKS.

Persons Suffering From Dandruff or Baldness Should Read This.

Dear Sirs: I used your Parisian Sage and found it better than any other. It is the best Hair Restorer I ever used and I have used them all. I find it a great Dandruff remover also. You should get it into all the Barber Shops and get the Barbers to use it as it is great. I remain, yours truly, Geo. A. Stiltz, 73 1-2 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

Why do you continue to allow the small persistent germs of dandruff to destroy your hair when Parisian Sage is guaranteed by us and by W. B. McPherson to remove every vestige of dandruff in six days or money back.

50 cents a bottle.
If you cannot get Parisian Sage from druggists in your vicinity we will send you a bottle for 50 cents—Stamps or silver—charges prepaid.
Giroux Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Contractors.

Paducah, Ky., August 25, 1906.
Bids will be received at the office of the board of public works, city hall, Paducah, Ky., until 3 p. m. on August 29, 1906, for the following construction and reconstruction of streets and side-walks, as per plans and specifications on file at the city engineer's office, under ordinances providing for same:

First street from Broadway to Washington street, with vitrified paving block, curb and gutter.

Washington street from First to Third streets with vitrified paving block, curb and gutter.

Second street from Washington street to Kentucky avenue, with vitrified paving block, curb and gutter.

The following streets are to be improved with granite side-walks.
First street from Broadway to Washington street.

Second street from Kentucky avenue to Washington street.

Washington street from Second to Third street.

Side-walks on Washington street from First to Second street with vitrified paving brick.

Side-walks and combined curb and gutters on Jones street from Ninth to Eleventh street.

L. A. WASHINGTON, City Engineer.

Gaekwar's Ready Retort.

When the Maharajah Gaekwar, of Baroda, was in Washington he visited the Congressional library, which greatly impressed him. "How long would it take a man to read all these books?" he asked the librarian. Mr. Putnam, after a rough calculation, said the task would occupy about 17,000 years. "And what would Dr. Osler say to that?" remarked the Indian potentate as he moved on.

Probably the owner of the largest number of dogs in the world is a Russian cattle king, who has 25,000 sheep and dogs to look after.

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fix, at \$1,650, part on time.

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good condition, at \$1,750, part time.

503 Fountain Ave., 6 room house,
nice, water inside, excellent location.
See me as to price which depends on
terms of payment.

Some excellent farm offers near city,
do now for sub-division and pay hand-
some profit at once on present prices.

Madison St. Fountain Park corner
lot at \$550. Only chance in park.

Nice North 5th St. 9-room house in
excellent condition at \$3,800. Only
3 blocks from Palmer House.

Three houses, rents about \$30
month, N. E. corner 6th and Ohio Sts.,
good investment at \$2,400.

Have at all times money to loan on
farm land at 6 per cent interest, 10
years' time. Certainly getting money
wanted if farm and title all right.

Have acre land just outside city
limits, in very choice location, can sell
in any quantity wanted from about 1½
acres up. Well opened up with wide
streets and best offers in this class
about city.

Five acres fronting 515 feet on
south side of Hinkleville road near
city limits at \$300 acre. This land
can be subdivided into lots and resold
at handsome profit. Easy payments.

Five 4-room double houses on lots
each 40x165 feet to 15 foot alley, on
north side of Clay street between 12th
and 13th streets at \$1,050 each, \$100
cash and balance in monthly payments
of \$15. Rents now at \$10 month.
These are bargains for investment, at
houses in good condition and ground
rapidly rising in value. Take one or
more.

One nice 7-room houses in city
new, never been occupied, all modern
conveniences, near Madison St. front-
ing on Fountain Ave. and opposite
Lang park, at \$300, part on time.

This is fine offer in good home. Look
at it and see.

4 6-10 acres near Wallace Park,
high, well drained, with excellent sur-
roundings, 60 foot street in front of it,
at \$1,000 on any reasonable payments
desired.

First-class cottage of 3 rooms, just
renovated throughout, on north side of
Jefferson St. between 13th and 14th,
at \$3,500.

Several Rowlandtown lots on \$5.00
monthly payments.

240 acres best farm in county, only
4 miles from city, \$1,500 cash and
balance on 5 years time. See me if you
want what will double in value in few
years. Resell at twice the price long
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FOR RENT.

Good 4-room house, newly papered,
1119 N. 12th St., at \$8.00 month.

505 Fountain Ave., 4-room cottage,
front and back porches, hall, well
shaded lot 49x150 feet, nice condition,
3 grate fire places, bargain at \$1,600
cash.

4-room house and 9 lots 40 feet wide,
surrounded by lots sold and selling
fast, at \$250 each, whole offer for
\$2,000 which is a great bargain. See
me and get details.

5-room house on east side S. 4th St.,
between Clark and Adams, at \$1,800.

7-room house, S. 4th between Clark
and Adams, west side, sewer con-
nections and modern conveniences, at
\$2,850.

These are samples. Ask for what
you want and we can furnish it.

A few more lots unsold in the Ter-
rell Fountain Park addition at \$250
each on payments of \$25 cash and
balance \$5 per month. These are
the best monthly payment lots now
to be had about the city and will
soon be gone. More future rise in
value in these lots than any you
can get for homes.

For Sale—Six-room cottage, on
S. E. corner 7th and Harrison; lot
57 ft. 9 inches by 165 feet; stable,
servants' house; on long, easy pay-
ments. Only \$500 cash. See me
for details and get home in best re-
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Chance for colored people. Have
half dozen houses for sale at prices
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